

# ORPHEVS His Iourney to Hell

**W**Hen as the world in her first golden time,  
frutefull in euerie blessing did abound:  
Whē *Floras* pride was alwaies in her prime,  
and *Winters* wrath did ner' offend the  
But without labour euerie thing encreased, (ground  
And pleasant sommers seasons neuer ceased.

No harsh aspect of heauens restlesse frame  
did alter earthly creatures in their kinde:  
Each sauage beast and bird that time was tame,  
and all the world accorded in one minde.  
For then dissention was a thing vnknowne,  
And seedes of enuie and debate not sowne.

When as olde *Saturne* had in peace disposed,  
his scepter and his glorious throne in heauen:  
And in their seuerall kingdome had inclosed,  
each of his children and by portions euen,  
Making all seuerall kings in seuerall places,  
Deuided to them all his giftes and graces.

Then did great *Ioue* in peace succede his Sire,  
and *Neptune* bridled in the lawlesse seas:  
*Pluto* in hell amidst a world of fire,  
keeping tormented soules from rest and ease,  
Orerules the haggies that in those dungeons moyles,  
And to the Ghosts imposes endlesse toyles.

*Orpheus his Journey to Hell.*

In this contented time was *Orpheus* borne,  
compō'd of purer mettell than a man:  
Made mortall by the Gods in Natures scorne,  
that earth might witnes how the heauens can  
Inclose in Elementall shapes celestiaall thinges,  
Whose life from quintēscence of heauen springs,

This pure composed shape the Gods endued  
with their owne vertues, els had it been shame,  
That he whose bodie from the heauens issued,  
should haue a soule forg'd in a baser frame.  
Thus did the Gods agree for to combine  
A heauenly body and a soule diuine.

This was that *Orpheus*, whose delightfull stringes,  
drew to their siluer sound the sencelesse trees:  
That still'd the musicke of the bubbling springs,  
and staide the streames to heare his harmonies:  
That made the sauage beasts forsake their praie,  
And gently come to heare sweet *Orpheus* play.

The craggie rockes that walles the Oceans bound,  
where *Neptune* keeps his warrie regiment,  
Rose from their flinty roots to heare him sound,  
and whil'st he sang, seem'd for to stand content.  
The fishes left the seas to liue a shore,  
Which neuer heard of Musicks name before.

Thus liu'd he long the woonder of his time,  
whose heauen-borne musicke wonne the loue of all  
Aspiring honor taught his fame to clime,  
and made him liue secure from thought of fall.  
Till Fortune that orerules the state of kinges,  
Did oreturue him, as she doth other things.



The pleasing poyson of self-killing Loue,  
at last made entrance to his mayden-heart:  
Where once being anchored, neuer would remoue,  
but with sweet tickling wounds there bred his smart.  
Yet did his wish preuaile, his hope's effected,  
His Loue found loue, and neuer was rejected,

But as it is in things being soonest growne,  
whose flowered blossoms euery blast decayes:  
And neuer stayes the Autumne to be mowne,  
but flourishes and falles within few dayes:  
So is't in loue, which being quicklie sproong,  
Dies oftentimes when as it is but yoong.

*Euridice*, the flower of flowering *Thrace*,  
whom *Orpheus* often in his ditties praised,  
She that had all perfection in her face,  
and at her face made euery thing amazed:  
For loue of her *Orpheus* incurr'd this paine,  
Though she with loue requited loue againe,

Being thus agreed in loue, and both contented,  
the day was pointed for their marriage right:  
When most assur'd they soonest were preuented,  
and sundred by vnconstant Fortunes spight.  
So by the meanes of a malignant power,  
Their ioyes began and ended in an hower.

The marriage day being come, and all things fit,  
and *Hymeneus* rites now done and ended:  
Home they returne, and at their banquets sit,  
with pleasures such, as to such meetings tended.  
And when at home was ended all their sport,  
Then to the pleasant Meades did all resort.

Where as the Maides by custome came in thronges,  
when any Maid was married from their traine:  
And there they spend the time in sport and songs,  
that other may doe so to them againe:  
Where some were dancing hand in hand in ringes,  
And others sit to heare how *Orpheus* sings.

Here *Orpheus* warbles on his trembling stringes,  
for to delight *Euclidice* his ioy:  
She sometimes dances, then sits downe and sings,  
and woman-like begins to kisse and toy,  
Thus these two sporting in each others sight,  
Thinke every hower a yeare till it be night,

When as the wearie horses of the Sunne,  
began to hie them downe vnto their rest,  
And now their mai<sup>ers</sup> iourney almost done,  
they end their toylsome labour in the west:  
Home hies these lovers with a full intent  
To change these sportes to other merriment.

And as they footed ore the pleasant meades,  
like to the Huntresse, and her maiden traine:  
A Serpent sliding from amongst the weeds,  
sting'd faire *Euclidice*, and with that maine  
Expels her ayerie Spirites from the wound,  
And leaues her chill-cold body on the ground.

Nor would th'impartiall Destinies permit,  
her wofull soule to take her last adew:  
But greedilie they seaze themselves on it,  
which downe vnto the Stygian streames they drew,  
Where they appointed her for to remaine,  
That she might waight vpon *Proserpina* traine.

Which



*Orpheus Journey to Hell.*

Which when the *Thracian* Poet had perceiued,  
how suddainly *Euridice* was gone:  
With madding furie sometimes rag'd and raved,  
and then with tragicketunes begins to mone,  
Sighing that his *Euridice* was dead.  
Before she knew the pleasure of his bed,

And sitting there by her poysoned wound,  
sawing the skarlet blood that issued forth,  
Moisture ouer-deare to dew the ground,  
or quench the thirst of this vnfatiate earth:  
Wishing or she were here with him againe,  
Or he with her in the *Elizian* plaine.

Thus till pale death from her vermillion cheekes,  
Had drawne the vntainted mixture of her hue,  
Distressed *Orpheus* with his sorrow seekes  
her now decaying beautie to renue:  
Till when he saw that all his hope was vaine,  
He tooke himselfe vnto his harpe againe.

Where in a mournfull *Anteme* he bewailes  
the sinister occasion of his birth:  
Till his deuiding voyce with teares now failes,  
and cannot eeche to his other mirth:  
But with sad lookes and dumbe demeanes he brings,  
His countenance correspondent to his strings.

Vnto whose musicke flockes the neighboring hilles,  
the shadie groues, the pleasant murmuring springs,  
And all the plaines with companie now filles,  
as beasts and birds, fish, foule, and other thinges.  
And when as euery one had tane his seat,  
Thus *Orpheus* giues his sorrowes to repeat.

*Orpheus his Journey to Hell.*

You free-borne people, from inthralling bandes  
of libertie, depriving Loues estate:  
Now mutually come all and ioyne your handes,  
and helpe your *Orpheus* to bewayle his mate,  
Weepe for *Euridice* that loued me well,  
Whose beauty now fades and decays in hell.

Vnheady rulers of this wretched clime,  
you Gods I meane, whose hands directes our helme,  
Why did you sort my dayes vnto this time,  
and in this sea of sorrow ouerwhelme:  
The prosperous beginning of my life,  
By this vniust diuorcing of my wife,

Ah could your cruelty inact this deed,  
to mixt sweet beauty with deformity:  
For all my merites, render you this meed,  
the injurious rape of my *Euridice*?  
Shall she attend grim *Pluto* in his den,  
That was belou'd of Gods, admir'd of men?

Hast thou forgot to loue great *Saturnes* sonne,  
or didst thou enuie *Orpheus* in his loue?  
Remember how thy selfe hast been orecum,  
leauing the Synode of the Gods aboue,  
To dote on one, whose beauties greatest grace,  
May not compare with sweet *Euridice* face.

Then in remembrance what thou sometime wert  
see the distrest estate wherein I am:  
And if it rest in thee to ease my smart,  
for pitie, pitie *Orpheus* miserie:  
And if she haue not pass'd the *Stygian* maine,  
Ah, call her backe to liue with me againe.



*Orpheus Journey to Hell.*

So shall thy name eterniz'd by my skill,  
be honor'd for this memorable deed:  
And neuer shall my warbling harp be still,  
but euery where thy woorthinesse shall spred:  
Till by my means the world resound thy power,  
And thou shalt bid me cease and sing no more.  
And thou shalt

But if it be too late for to recall her,  
and that already she hath pass'd the flood,  
VVhere grieffie Furies, fiends, and haggies inthrall her,  
whence she can not returne to doe me good:  
Then henceforth shall my strings surcease to sound,  
And I will leaue to sing till shee be found.

You wofull trees that witnesse of my mones,  
with hanging tops and teare-distilling shoues:  
You siluer streams, huge hills, hard rockes and stones,  
that haue been witnesse to my weary woes:  
Heer all together take your last farewell,  
Your *Orpheus* goes to seeke his loue in hell.

And if the grieffie furies will attend,  
the mournfull musicke which meane time Ile make:  
If *Pluto* will but suffer me to spend  
some solemne sonnets for my Loues sweet sake,  
Then haply may the gentle Queene of *Dis*,  
For pitie sake restore me to my blisse.

This said, he rous'd him from the tender grasse,  
which mourn'd in Sable to heare *Orpheus* weepe:  
And in a melancholy moode doth passe,  
vnto the place that leads downe to the deep,  
VVhere was innumerable ghostes before,  
Hasting for passage, downe to *Charons* shore.

And

*Orpheus his Journey to Hell.*

And through the yrksome shadow of blacke night,  
he treads the fatall way to loathsome hell,  
By many noysome vaultes depriu'd of light,  
where none but Furies, bugs, and torturs dwell,  
Vntill he came downe to the Stygian bankes,  
Wher eas the sillie ghostes attend in rankes,

There by the shore, poore *Orpheus* sits him down,  
and gins to tune his mournfull instrument:  
Whereas the soules doe flock about him soone,  
to heate the tequell of this strange euent.  
And he with heauie lookes and countenance pale,  
Recites the proceſſe of our former tale,

Thus (quoth he) for my Loue haue I forsooke  
the *Thracian* fieldes and company of men:  
And for her sake this iourney vndertooke,  
to vgly grim-fac'd *Plutoes* smokie den:  
Where if I chance to meet with my delight,  
These paynes will be requited with her sight.

But if I misse of my *Euridice*,  
and cannot find her out amongst the fields:  
Which the black Iudges of that monarchie,  
vnto such seperated louers yeelds,  
Where they in solitarie passion spend  
Their weary daies, which neuer shall haue end.

Then will the heauie burthen of dispaire,  
clog downe my vitall spirits to the ground:  
And my poore heart been split in two with care,  
let my poore soule escape that fatall wound.  
And in that heauie plight poore *Orpheus* shall  
Quite loose his comfort, labor, life and all.



*Orpheus his Journey to Hell.*

By this had *Charon* landed all his freight,  
and set them safe vpon the other shore:  
And with all speed returned thether straight,  
to loade his boate againe, and carie more.  
Where when he saw them clustering altogether,  
Gan marueil what new ghost was the come thether.

But when he look'd on *Orpheus*, view'd his face,  
and euery circumstance had onely ey'd:  
He told him that hee might not passe that place,  
and to transport him flatlie he deny'd.  
Had not the Poet with a pleasant straine  
Quench'd the fierce furie of his wrath enflame.

Then he whose eares inur'd to heare the cries  
of painfull soules in endlesse miseries:  
Whose concaue feet and fierie flaming eyes,  
fixt on no subject but deformities.  
Amaz'd to heare him stand as one that's dead,  
Or chang'd to stone at sight of Gorgons head.

Such was the force of Musickes Arte in him,  
as tam'd this sauage brood of hellish kinde:  
Enchanted all his bodie lim by lim,  
and turn'd his sauage vnrelenting mind.  
And where before he kept him from his charge,  
Now he entreats him to accept his barge.

And rowing him ore to the other side,  
curteously helps to conduct him a shore:  
Protesting solemnly vntill that tyde,  
he neuer help'd such passengers before.

Whence

*Orpheus his Journey to Hell.*

Whence *Orpheus* looking to the Sulphurish flame,  
and foggy smokes ascending from that pit:  
Oft times repeates his Louers pleasing name,  
wishing himselfe might by her rest and sit,  
Where they with Louers songs, and sweet tun'd rime,  
Might spend the course of euerlasting time.

Then came he to the rustie gates of death,  
whereas the tripple headed porter dwels:  
Who being amaz'd for to see him beneath,  
sends from his hollow throat such thundring yels,  
As summon'd all the Furies at his calles,  
To leaues their taskes and haste vnto the walles.

Now in this place no succour doeth remayne,  
to helpe him in or rid him out their clawes:  
Saue for to fall vnto his harpe againe,  
and by that meanes breake ope the brazen jawes  
Of gredie hell, that there in darknesse holdes,  
More then large heauen in his compasse folds.

Then gins the Poet tune his siluer strings,  
whose heauenly harmony had power to mooue:  
Hilles, trees and stones, beasts, birds, and other things,  
both men on earth, and all the gods about,  
To see if it would come to this euent  
Mongst the black people of this regiment.

You that doe triumph ouer Deaths successe,  
and in vnbaylable strong bandes detaines  
The soules of wretched Louers in distresse,  
tormented midst a world of endlesse paines  
For faire *Proserpines* sake, your louelie Queene,  
Heare me recite my sorrowes yet but greene.



**I** That amongst my Ditties woonted was  
to sing the motion of eternall heauen:  
How all the Planets in their circles passe,  
and at their times make vp their motions euen.  
Must change my stile, and taught by prooffe to sing,  
Prooue the effect of Loue, a fickle thing.

The solitarie wood which I frequented,  
wheras the *Sylvan* Gods admit'd my name:  
Both Gods and woods together haue lamented  
th'vntimely prooffe I tasted of the same:  
And all agreeing in my tune doe sing,  
How Loues effect is an vnconstant thing.

The whilom desert plaines where nothing grew,  
now fertill by the meanes my musicke made:  
Gin now againe for sorrow to renew  
their olde accustomed wearie trade.  
And witnesse what a cause I haue to sing,  
How Loues effect is an vnconstant thing.

I loued *Euridice*, the fairest face  
that euer heauens eie did looke vpon:  
Or euer sprang from elementall race,  
or euer humane sence were fixed on.  
Whose timelesse death with teares make *Orpheus* sing,  
That Loues effect is an vnconstant thing.

Vnconstant Lasse to him that lou'd thee well,  
made thee Commander of his liues estate:  
To leaue him so, and choose the Prince of Hell,  
and thus reward his loue with thankles hate.  
Thy folly makes me now with sorrow sing,  
The effect of Loue to be a fickle thing.

*Orphens his Iourney to Hell.*

Yet to regaine my losses come I heere,  
to plead for mercie at grim *Plutoes* seat:  
Who when he sees my waight of woes appear  
and heares me all my sorrowes to repeat,  
Will in his justice say, well may I sing,  
That Loues effect is an vnconstant thing.

And you the watchfull keepers of these ports,  
affoord but me the entrance to those plaines;  
Where euery day so many Ghosts resortes,  
and I wil for requitall of your paines,  
To heauen & earth, and all their creatures tell,  
How gently I was entertain'd in hell.

With this the cruell Porter was content,  
to giue him entrace through his brazen door:  
Where when he was, the Ghostes incontinent  
came flocking still about him more and more.  
And they that whilest they liu'd had hard his songes,  
For the like pleasure all of them now longes.

To whome the gentle *Thracian* not denies,  
but for the better he might get his right:  
With his accustomable harmonies,  
hee gluts their longing senses with delight:  
And makes them all, both Ghostes and Furies say,  
Would they might euer more heare *Orphens* play.

Thus pleasantly they passe the foremost portch,  
and now amongst the tortures enter in:  
Where some in scalding mettall frie and scorch,  
the tender superficies of their skin,  
Others do freeze to death, yet neuer die,  
Whose paines and liues must last eternally.



All these and many other torturing kindes;  
the force of his sweet musicke did alay:  
And cheer'd againe their now dead drooping mindes;  
that in these torments thus tormented stay.  
And whilest he sung, forgets their former vaine,  
The one his nature, th'other all his paine.

Then came he neere a place where hee might see,  
a gliding streame, that swiftly runnes away:  
Ouer whose bankes doth hang a broad branch'd tree,  
that with much fruit her boughs to th'earth did sway.  
Vnder whose shade in water to the chin,  
Poore *Tantalus* is forc'd to labour in.

Ready to starue for food, poore soule hee standes;  
and yet the fruite hangs round about his head:  
But when he striues to catch them with his hand,  
they are conuayd from him with sudden speed.  
And when hee hopes to quench his thirst with drinke,  
Then doth the water settle downe and sinke.

By him *Ixion* on a torturing wheele,  
continually is rack'd and torne asunder:  
His bodie yet decayes not any deale,  
but still indures those paines, which is a woonder,  
That being rack'd and tortur'd in this rate,  
His bodie should continue in one state.

There lies *Prometheus* fastened to the ground,  
vpon whose heart a greedy vulture feedes:  
And wher he feeds new flesh growes in the the wound;  
and so his hart and hurt doe dayly breed.  
And *Sisyphus* by him doth make his mone,  
Wearied with labouring vp the tumbling stone.

To whom when *Orpheus* came and gan to sing,  
 their paines surceast, and they were something eas'd:  
 Whose harmonie effected such a thing,  
 as therewithall the Furies seem'd well pleas'd.  
 And all agreed there with one consent,  
 To spend that day in hell with merriment.

Then *Tantalus* his streame did run no more,  
 the tree hung still, and stir'd not from his head,  
 And he forgot the thirst he had before,  
 and thanked *Orpheus* for his so good deed,  
 In this releasing him from that paine,  
 Which many years before he did sustaine.

Then *Sisyphus* his rowling stone stood still:  
*Ixion's* paines began for to decrease:  
*Prometheus* Vulture hauing eat her fill,  
 from tyring of his heart-strings gan to cease.  
 And all the tortures els that hell containes,  
 Did then surcease their plagues and direful paines.

And followed *Orpheus* to the Cypres trees,  
 vnder whose shades the wearie Souldiours rest;  
 Who sorting there themselves in companies,  
 with euerlasting quietnes are blest.  
 And in their conference there again reuiue  
 Th'employes they did, when as they were aliue.

There was old *Priam* and his fiftie sonnes,  
 that for their countries honour were suppress:  
 The Greeks, whose names in euery Poem runs,  
 there spend their quiet dayes in peace and rest:  
 And he whose loue did win the Carthage Queene,  
 Venerous *Aeneas* rest ypon that greene.

There



*Orpheus his Journey to hell.*

There gins the Poet once againe relate  
the waightie cause that drew him to that place:  
In euerie word lamenting his estate,  
that hee was borne to suffer this disgrace.  
He that had euerie creature at his call,  
Should now stand need for to bee help'd of all.

You that haue tri'd (quoth hee) Loues hard euent,  
and the vnconstant kind of womens sect:  
And you whose time in wearie warres was spent,  
which Loue and Louers passions did neglect,  
For pittie sake helpe, for to cure my paine,  
By getting my *Euroidice* againe.

And in your judgmentes view my heauie plight,  
that haue aduentur'd this so dangerous toyle:  
To view the monuments of endlesse night,  
that yeelds no other thing saue rape and spoyle.  
And tell mee then, if that for all my paine,  
I bee not woorthy of her loue againe.

Your toyles that whilom you sustain'd aboue,  
was pleasure vnto these I here abide:  
And all your dangerous quarrels for your loue;  
compar'd with mine, may all be set aside.  
Yet could the world deuise a greater paine,  
I would endure to get my loue againe.

My Loue, the sweetest Loue that ere suruiued,  
woonder of heauen, and the fame of earth;  
Vntimely death vniustly hath deprived,  
and would no longer let her heare my mirth.  
For her sweet sake what would I not sustaine,  
If I might so recouer her againe?

But

For Loue thy brother *Jens* forooke, my *Ny* vision  
his glorious high celestia<sup>l</sup> seat:  
And to a Peere himselfe betooke,  
that with his *Dance* hee might treat.  
And did himselfe confesse and say,  
*Quod Amor vincit omnia.*

*Apollo*, Learnings greatest friend,  
for *Daphnes* sake came from above:  
And doted on her, to this end  
he might on earth enjoy her loue,  
And was the first that ere did say,  
*Quod Amor vincit omnia.*

Thus Loue that enerrs at the eie,  
and fleely steales downe to the heart:  
There doth ingender fantasie,  
whose issue breeds, or joy, or smart.  
Perforce enforces all to say,  
*Quod Amor vincit omnia.*

This fancie hath set me on fire,  
and furiously inflames my breast:  
Feeding my soule with fierce desire  
of her whose thought denies me rest.  
And makes me sing both night and day,  
*Quod Amor vincit omnia.*

Whose faire *Idea* thou hast hast got,  
To beare *Proserpine* companie:  
Keeping her close that I might not  
looke on my faire *Euridice*,  
Which now with sorrow makes me say,  
*Quod Amor vincit omnia.*



Shee stands thee heere in little steed,  
for thou hast many Millions more:

Then with her loue supply my need,  
and I will sing thy praise therfore.

And whilst I liue still will I say,

*Quod Amor vincit omnia.*

Plead faire *Proserpine* for her sake,  
who in her prime of loue decay'd

And on her some compassion take,  
which was a wife, yet di'd a maid.

For thou knowst well what joy is bred

Enjoying of a Louers bed.

Fortune and Loue vnconstant friends,  
agreed vnto our marriage day:

And furdred all our Loues pretends,  
with what within their power lay:

Vntill we had both woo'd and wed,

Then Fortune snatch'd her from my bed.

And in despite of Loue detaines,

*Euridice* within your power:

And me afflictes with Louers paines,

which are increasing euerie hower.

Because she knew not what was bred

Within a Louers loyall bed.

In that inclosure breeds delight,

the pleasing soule of sweet content:

Contented best to spend the night,

in such soule-pleasing merriment.

As thou canst witnesse well, is bred

Within a loyall Louers bed,

*Orpheus his Journey to Hell.*

Where all *Elysian* ioyes doe dwell,  
incircled there by *Cupids* charmes,  
And more delight then I can tell,  
ingendred in a *Louers* armes,  
Because I tried not what was bred,  
Within a loyall *Louers* bed.

But that instinct of Nature tels,  
the hidden pleasure of that place:  
Where more delightfome daliancedwels,  
then in the gazing on her face.  
There are the liuelie pleasures bred,  
That longs vnto a mariage bed.

Of this faire marke did *Orpheus* misse,  
and lost the pleasure of that sport:  
Been come vnto the gates of blisse,  
I could not get into the fort:  
For my *Enridice* was dead,  
Before I could enioy her bed.

With this the Poet ouer-cloyd with griefe,  
no further could extend his miserie:  
But with sad teares seem'd to implore reliefe,  
to rid him from this wofull extasie,  
At whose sad teares the fearful god did grant  
That he should haue her with this couenant.

In all his wearie iourney yp againe,  
hee should not once looke backe vnto his loue:  
But from the speaking to her should refraine,  
vntill he came ypto the world aboue,  
Which if he did, then should he all his life,  
Enjoy her bodie as his married wife.



*Orpheus his Journey to hell.*

But if fond jealousie should make him doubt,  
and he looke backe to see his Loues sweet face:  
Before he were from his vast kingdome out,  
and past the fatall limmits of that place.  
Then should his wife be snatch'd away againe,  
And he should nere the like good turne obtaine.

Which curtesie the Poet gentlie tooke,  
and with contentment did accept this thing  
Expecting her with manie a lingring looke,  
the cause that drew him thether for to sing.  
Till at the length as the grim-God commands,  
*Euridice* was rendred to his hands.

But intercourse of speech was there forbidden,  
he might not welcome her with louing words:  
And with a duskie vale her face was hidden,  
that no transparance from her eies affords.  
He was commanded to eschue the place,  
And she had leaue to follow him apace.

Thus both together these two Louers goe,  
with this restraint of mutuall conference:  
V Vhose sad demeanes the witnessles of woe,  
shew'd discontent, but that with patience  
Men must of force obey the Gods decrees,  
Though they extend vnto their injuries.

Long thus they tranell'd in this discontent,  
Each wishing of the other to haue sight:  
Vntill their iourney now was almost spent,  
and they might see a glimmering of the light:  
For they were wel-nigh come vnto those bounds,  
That parts *Acherons* and the vpper grounds,

Where

*Orpheus Journey to Hell.*

Where jealous thought that in a restless mind,  
breeds discontented passions mixt with feare:  
Was vrging *Orpheus* oft to looke behind,  
to see if his *Euridice* were there,  
Vntill remembrance of his promise tolde,  
He might not venter for to be so bold.

Oft was his faltring tongue about to speake,  
and call his sweetest *Loue* by her sweet name:  
But being halfe afrajd least he should breake  
the Gods behests, and so incurre his shame:  
With much adoe his speaking doth refraine:  
Although (God knowes) it was vnto his paine.

But longer can he not forbear to see,  
if shee did follow him along or no:  
Such was th' effect of burning ielousie,  
that would not let him any further goe,  
Before he had satisf'd his longing mind,  
In looking if his loue were behind,

And at the length boldly assayes to trie,  
turning him backe to her, whom he so loued:  
When she was snatched from him by and by  
and from his sight immediatly remooued.  
And he himselfe left to himselfe againe,  
Because he did not from this thing refraine.

Grieting to see himselfe thus overshort,  
and all his labour sort vnto that end:  
Leauing that cursed place, he homward got,  
there fullie bending of himselfe to spend  
The future remnant of his single life,  
In scorn of pleasing *Loue*, or louing wife,

*And*



And in inuettive Ditties daylie sings,  
th'uncertain pleasure of vnconstant Loue:  
How manie woes a womans beautie brings,  
and into what extreames this ioy doth shoue  
Poore foolish men, that ere they be awarre  
Will rashlie overshoot themselves so farre.

There gins he sing of secrete Loutes deceites,  
and womens fawning fickle companie:  
The outward golden shew of poysoned baytes,  
that drawes so many men to miserie.  
And for an instance sets himselfe to shew,  
One that had suffered all this pleasing woe.

VVhose songes did sort vnto such deepe effect,  
as draw mens fancies from thir former wiues:

VVomens vaine loue beginning to neglect,  
and in the fieldes with *Orpheus* spend their liues:

VVith which sweet life they seem'd so well content,  
As made them curse the former time the'ad spent,

At which the women not a little grieue,  
to see their conquering Captaine thus ore-borne:

They gin deuise how best they might relieue,  
their fading glorie being almost worne.

Which by no meanes they hope for to atchieue,  
As long as *Orpheus* doth remaine aliu.

VVhich to preuent in solemne wise they cite,  
their companie together all in in one:

VVhere euerie busie head will needs indite,  
a meanes how they might get poore *Orpheus* gone,

Amongst whome at length the case was thus decid  
That *Orpheus* of his life should be deprived

*Orpheus Iourney to Hell.*

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their companie together all in in one:  
VVhere euerie busie head will needs indite,  
a meanes how they might get poore *Orpheus* gone,  
Mongst whome at length the case was thus decid  
That *Orpheus* of his life should be depriued.

And thus they all agreed in one consent,  
 Some occasion to procure his end:  
 VVhen to the place they flocke incontinent,  
 wheras he vs'd his wofull dayes to spend,  
 And finding him alone without his traine,  
 Vpon him fall they all with might and maine.

And with confused weapons beat him downe,  
 quenching their angrie thirst with his warm blood:  
 At whose vntimely death though heauens frowne,  
 yet they defend their quarrell to be good,  
 And for their massacre this reason render,  
 He was an enemy vnto their gender.

VVhich done, to rid him quite out of the way,  
 him and his Harpe they into *Hebar* sling:  
 Vpon whose stringes the gliding streames doe play,  
 and for his soule lamenting Dirges sing.  
 Till to the watrie Oceans greedy wombe,  
 They carie him for to go seeke his tombe.

But then faire heauens in their due regard,  
 pitying his end that so had spent his dayes:  
 In justice thus his merits do reward,  
 vnto their euer memorable praise.  
 Thus they determin'd all with one consent,  
 For to draw vp his heauenlie Instrument.

And place it in that Chrystall monument,  
 the euerliuing registrie of fame:  
 The golden starrie-spangled firmament,  
 where in remembrance of the Poets name  
 to reue his memorie,  
 And date out liues eternitie.

FINIS.



